

## THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

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TO THE OFFICE NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY EVEN-  
ING OF EACH WEEK, IF THEY ARE TO APPEAR  
IN THE CURRENT NUMBER.TRANSMISSION NOTICES, FIFTY CENTS FOR EIGHT LINES,  
EACH INSERTION. FOR LARGER SPACE AND PER-  
MANENT RATES, APPLY AS ABOVE.

## Upper Broad Street.

Work upon the new stone road north of Belleville avenue has so far progressed as to indicate its character. It is to be as thorough and lasting as that done last year. Not only is a hard road to be made, but the grading is to be properly done, so as to drain away the surface water, leaving a smooth, dry road; and a good sidewalk for pedestrians. The triangular park between Belleville avenue and New street is also to be filled up, thus making an object of beauty instead of a dismal sink for surface-water.

It has been said that all this costs money; and so it does. Roads are expensive necessities. They are not merely luxuries. Good roads add to the beauty of a place, to its business, and to its prosperity. And where should good roads be made if not upon the main street of a township? A dollar spent here is better than ten in a side street or in one of the suburbs. It is constantly in use by heavy teams, trucks, ice-wagons, and pleasure carts. Through travel to Paterson, Passaic, and Little Falls finds its passage over this avenue. Visitors judge of the character of a place by its main thoroughfare. It is no longer complimentary to say of a place that it has only mud-roads. The shiftless, half-hearted, and so-called cheap methods of the past must be abandoned.

Better do a little well, than a great deal poorly. Here where loads are heavy, grades should be light, drainage perfect, and the road solid. But while good roads are building, the needs of the side-streets are not neglected. Never within recent years have the streets generally been in better condition. Thanks to the liberal use of gravel, many of the side streets will remain good for a long time to come.

It would be useless to enter upon vast schemes of road repairs at once. The gravel-roads can wisely be allowed to wear out, to be replaced in time with more durable roads of stone.

In a neighboring village private generosity has added not a little to the public ability to supply these roads. In order to hasten their use upon the back streets property owners have contributed about one-half the cost; thus at once benefiting the town, adding to the value of their property, and relieving the poorer taxpayers of an undue strain upon their resources. We commend this example to our more thrifty and liberal property-owners.

One result ought certainly to follow substantial improvements like these. Those whose property is directly benefited, ought by all means in their power to show their appreciation of the favors received. Private improvements should follow in the wake of public benefits. There is here great need of good stone sidewalks, trees and finally new houses suitable for small families. Applications for walks have already been received. It is to be hoped that other improvements will speedily follow.

The disclosures made of the corruption existing in New York City are a sickening spectacle. It seems impossible to conduct the affairs of a large municipality without the greatest amount of venality and faithlessness. Squire and Flynn are plainly rascals, but Mayor Grace and Chamberlain Ivins seem scarcely less unprincipled.

The trouble is, that if these rascals are turned out a new set will be turned in, so the situation is far from promising permanent relief. It makes people glad to live in a small town, where every man knows his neighbor, and can form some idea of the motives which control in the management of public affairs.

Immaculate Boston is getting a good deal of notoriety just now. The Treasurer of two of her largest mill corporations has proved to be a thief, and has taken his life to avoid the punishment of his crimes.

It seems strange that the extravagant

expenditures of Treasurer Gray did not excite suspicion on the part of the directors of his Company, but the American habit of minding one's own business probably prevented any expressions of curiosity and so the thefts were not discovered until there was but little left to steal.

## Seaside Correspondence.

THE ST. JAMES,  
POINT PLEASANT, N. J., AUG. 17, 1886.

Dear Citizen:

Whether I write this letter or not is quite a problem. On the side of writing is a promise I made to "do so if I could." Also, it is a day with nothing whatever in it to do or to be done. But, on the other hand, I'm not writing many letters these days, and as a summer correspondent, to here and there and see things, I am certainly not a success.

Point Pleasant, you know, is Bloomfield-by-the-Sea. There have been here this season ever so many Bloomfielders. On the river, Messrs. E. W. Sutton, T. M. Nevius and E. G. Ward are cottaging with their families. Malcolm and Harry Nash, with Ned Howe and Nate Russell are camping in the grove above the Jones cottage. Malcolm has with him the pretty canoe he so ingeniously made and has lately added a neat bowsprit and jib to its sailing gear. The boys are sailing or rowing or bathing or cooking meals all day long.

At the "Land's End" are Messrs. John Newton and W. T. Howe with their wives and they have been supplemented, as have we at the St. James, by plenty of mosquitoes and summer guests. Still, it has been agreeable after all and the hotels have been, and are, full.

The season has brought us here and there in Pt. Pleasant, Mrs. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bliss from Glen Ridge, together with Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Langstroth and Mrs. Zabriskie, Mrs. C. F. Harrison and Dr. and Mrs. W. H. White, with the younger members of their respective households. Miss Genevieve Apgar, Miss Grace White and Miss Grace Duffield have been here and so have the Capen boys, Wilson Lyon and Kenneth Dufield, Mr. Wright Stout, Dr. Stubbert, Jr., Mr. Howard Hardcastle, and Mrs. Stubbert and Mrs. Hardcastle have been visible among us. In a word, and with the certainty before me that I have surely omitted several names, I venture to close the list by suggesting that half of Bloomfield has been somewhere along this coast this summer, and that Mr. and Mrs. Valentine, with the Misses Alling, Morris, and Oakes drove down from Ocean Beach recently. Too one who merely sits around and goes about in stages, this is an odd life. One evening we saw the waters of the ocean full of phosphorescence, breaking in lines of lambent light along the shore. At another time we watched the menhaden boats surrounding their glittering prey with the seine, dragging it on board and steaming off. This has gone on to such an extent that bluefish are growing as rare as white black birds. The equipment of boats and steam tugs is very perfect, and not a day passes without showing us these swift vessels—a man, or maybe two or three men at the masthead on the lookout and from two to six boats with nets and men towing astern. If there are to be food fishes for us on this coast, this menhaden ("moss bunker") catching must stop.

The sea sights are rather monotonous. We have fleets of coasters bound South or North, generally in company. They are usually three masted or two masted schooners. Barges and brigs are rare. Coast-wise and Havana steamers are frequent, especially of a Saturday night. Now and then we get a hulk of a barge towed by a tug, or a pilot boat waiting for a steamer, or a steam yacht spinning along near the shore. Once in a while the vessels are quite close. Generally, though, they keep an offing of half a dozen miles at least. This is a bad coast and a big gale leaves more or less wrecks behind it.

The bathing has been reported as good, but the beach along here is very shelving and there is much undertow. One inexperienced youth got down into two feet of water and a huge fright the other day. His eyes stuck out and his mouth was open and he held on to his best girl at arm's length, while she screamed and kicked. The bravest bathers had them on their legs in no time, but as the poet says, when it came to the man, "his eyes was set, he spoke no more." He vanished to the bath houses and hasn't been seen since. The lady, however, bathed yesterday, all in a celluloid collar and proper cuffs. That isn't as bad as the two "Land's End" women who go into the water with masks on. They do indeed. And there is a young lady down here who always faints in the water and yet always bathes.

Point Pleasant is now a "borough." Seventy voters—that's the sum total—voted it. There is a Mayor, and a Common Council, and there are "notices" and proclamations. The stages have to pay a license of \$20. Great things are promised by way of taxation. "Murphy" is the "big man" of Point Pleasant—is said to be engineering the new departure, and there are to be roads and lamps, and (I suppose) a freeze-out for all property owners who are not in the ring.

This is nearly my epistolary limit. I

fancy we have had as little discomfort as most sea-side places this season—but that isn't saying much. From below us came sad tales of mosquitoes and misery. The "Berkeley Arms"—claret coats and all—is a thing of the past. The bills of the Barnegat mosquitoes outbalance the \$5-a-day hotel. Beach Haven has been bad, too. Up the shore the Asbury Parkites and Ocean Grubbers have been packed in too closely for a mosquito to intervene. And Long Branch is said to be tenanted this year by people whose cuticles are too tough for reporters or any other kind of lively boy to penetrate far. Key East has, apparently, a "boom." Ocean Beach is quiet. So is Brielle—very quiet. Sea Girt with its old nets, lanterns and ships' bills, has its usual big encampment. It was "Salt Water Day" last Saturday; so it will be next Saturday. But there isn't the old time flavor to it and Spring Lake is too awfully high-toned for country folks as they probably found out. It is a fact that at one hotel in that resort the China dishes are worth dollars, as the waiter or guest finds out to his cost—and the same dishes have little enough on them. The last is not our fate at this present inn.

I suppose I may as well say that the air and I seem to agree. I hope we shall record an amicable arrangement by which I shall be permitted to carry the good effects of it back to Bloomfield.

S. W. D.

## Benedict's Time.

DIAMONDS  
AND  
WATCHES

A SPECIALTY.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CHAINS,

Rich Jewelry and Silverware.

Having enlarged our Store, and made extensive improvements, we are the better enabled to display our West Side elevated trains stop at Cortlandt Street, near rear of Benedict Building. Ten minutes from 14th Street.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,  
KEEPERS OF THE CITY TIME,

Benedict Building, Broadway and Cortlandt Street.

Established 1831.

## ★ ★ ★

## Miss Henrietta Northall's

School for Young Ladies,

Boys and Girls

Will re-open Sept. 23d, 1886.

Broad Street, opposite the Park,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

## RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

Del. Lack. &amp; Western Railroad.

Leave BLOOMFIELD FOR NEW YORK:

(Glenwood Avenue Station.)

6.08, 6.49, 7.19, 7.56, 8.32, 9.19, 10.35, 11.39  
A. M. 12.46, 1.45, \*2.35, 3.35, 4.44, 5.29,  
6.15, 6.59, 8.20, 9.45, 11.10, P. M.  
12.39 A. M.NOTE—Leave GLEN RIDGE 2 minutes earlier,  
WATERING 2 minutes later than time given above.

Leave NEW YORK FOR BLOOMFIELD:

6.30, 7.20, 8.10, 9.30, 10.30, 11.20 A. M.

12.40, \*1.20, 2.10, 3.40, 4.20, 5.20, 5.30,

6.20, 7.00, 8.30, 10.00, 11.30 P. M.

Leave NEWARK FOR BLOOMFIELD:

6.20, 6.40, 7.15, 7.53, 8.43, 10.03, 11.03,

11.53 A. M. 1.13, \*1.53, 2.44, 4.13, 5.26,

9.03, 6.53, 7.40, 9.03, 10.38, 12.08 P. M.

\*Saturdays only.

Leave BLOOMFIELD FOR NEW YORK:

5.38, 6.06, 7.39, 8.33 Express stopping only at North Newark) 8.56, 10.08 A. M., 1.38,

3.06, 3.51, 4.56, 6.54, 9.28 P. M.

Sunday Trains: Leave NEW YORK for BLOOMFIELD 8.45 A. M. and 7.45 P. M. Leave N. Y. for Orange, stopping at Bloomfield Ave. on signal only, 8.45 A. M., 1.30, 6.00 and 9.15 P. M. Sunday trains leave BLOOMFIELD for N. Y., 8.08 A. M. and 7.12 P. M. Leave Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, on signal only, 7.59, and 10.10 A. M., 5.10, and 7.40 P. M.

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